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THE COURT HOUSE MUDDLE.

DEBATE whether the entire City of New York ought to pay for the Court House or whether the expense should be borne by New York County alone—meaning, of course, Manhattan—will keep.

Of far greater moment is the question how many millions it is going to cost taxpayers to carry along the Court House project before there can be even a hint of laying the foundations.

The colossal muddle in which this much heralded civic centre plan is now involved was exposed by The Evening World last month. To secure additional land for the site the city acquired property which it is now feared it cannot hold without violating the State Constitution. It cannot sell without the sanction of the Legislature. And, in any case, in selling it would have to lose 62 per cent. of the purchase price—a loss amounting to \$8,000,000.

Here, as The Evening World has pointed out, is a costly bungle for taxpayers to contemplate:

The city owns a site for which it paid \$13,000,000.

It has plans for a Court House to cost \$10,000,000.

It can't afford to build the Court House.

It stands to lose heavily in disposing of the land—even if authorized to do so.

And meanwhile it is carrying the whole project for nobody knows how much longer at charges amounting to \$2,100 a day.

A huge piece of progressive, cumulative extravagance. What it needs first of all is checking—not discussion as to who shall finally bear the weight of it.

De-Mexicanize Mexico. Why not? Plenty of people in this country seem to know how to do the trick well enough to tell somebody else.

THE ANTI-SPITTING CAMPAIGN.

DANGEROUS and disturbing as it is, the grip epidemic has done one good thing. It has revived efforts to stamp out the filthy habit of spitting on car floors, station platforms and sidewalks.

The Health Squad inspectors and the regular police have the campaign against the evil well under way in every borough. Since Wednesday hundreds of summonses have been served upon offenders.

Among those who appear before Magistrates, plead guilty and pay fines are a surprising number of educated and apparently self-respecting men who ought to know better.

It is to be hoped that this time the police will not relax their vigilance until everybody in this city is convinced that anti-spitting regulations mean something. Health officials say the campaign will continue as long as the grip epidemic lasts. Why only till then?

In cars, stations and public places the anti-spitting law, conspicuously posted, has for a long time past warned all who can read. Yet who cannot testify to instance after instance in which men not ten feet away from the warning have repeatedly spat upon the floor of a subway or trolley car in plain view of the guard, with maybe a policeman sitting by—without drawing upon themselves so much as a rebuke?

Why bulletin the law if it is to be only occasionally enforced?

The Japanese Premier owed his escape from sudden death to a chauffeur. Everything's wrong end to in the East.

MARRIAGE COSTS LOWERED.

COLLECTORS of United States Internal Revenue are commonly thought to be merciless, hard-hearted creatures who never smile and never overlook a nickel that can be pried from its reluctant owner and dropped into Uncle Sam's cash box.

Yet it appears they have feelings. The Collector of the Second District recently obeyed the kinder promptings of his soul and announced that nobody need put a ten-cent internal revenue stamp on a marriage certificate. Yesterday Corporation Counsel Hardy made haste to hand down the ruling for the city. Henceforth the City Clerk will require no stamps to be affixed to the marriage certificates he issues.

Last year the dollar toll for each marriage performed in the Municipal Marriage Chapel was abolished. The initial cost of marriage in New York is going down.

Its subsequent expenses, to be sure, keep far beyond the reach of legislation or official rulings. But never mind that. It is leap year and we need dwell only on the new ten-cent saving at the start.

Anyhow, it was too warm yesterday.

Dollars and Sense

IN common with practically all textile manufacturers," said the owner of a large factory recently, "for years I labored under the disadvantage of selling my product minus a trademark. I sold through a few jobbers, who affixed their own private brands to my goods. This meant that with the passage of time my products with the ultimate consumer was no stronger than originally. A jobber handling my product, for instance, might label it the Star brand. A consumer might become convinced that the Star brand was the best value on the market. This was no asset to me. Suppose the jobber for some reason severed connections with me. I couldn't enter his territory and offer the Star brand. The customers gained by the merit of my goods were in that case irretrievably lost to me.

By H. J. Barrett

advertising campaign designed to stimulate a consumer demand for my trademarked goods. This should be mutually beneficial," I argued. "It will increase the demand, hence increase your profits. Both of us will do a greater volume of business."

"Realizing, however, that some jobbers prefer to market goods under their own private brand, I shall offer you a choice of purchasing my goods either under my trademark or my brand."

Well?



The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

"WILL you tell me what's the matter with you?" asked Mr. Jarr anxiously.

An expression of deep anxiety sat upon Mrs. Jarr's classic brow. Ever and anon she stared nervously and clutched Mr. Jarr's arm as they walked along. Her step was halting and peculiar. Now and then she took a long stride, but for the most part she mined along like a geisha girl in a musical comedy.

"There's nothing the matter!" answered Mrs. Jarr. "I'm all right!"

And just then Mrs. Jarr stepped into a small puddle of slush and Mrs. Jarr screamed.

"There is something wrong," said Mr. Jarr, coming to a halt. "What is it?"

"Oh," moaned Mrs. Jarr, "it's all right for the rich, who have accounts and don't mind how they run them up, or who are wasteful and extravagant, or who have their own carriages or electric broughams, but for people as poor as we are it's a sin and a shame."

"Now, look here," said Mr. Jarr, "I haven't done a single thing, and please don't accuse me of anything, either."

Mrs. Jarr paid little or no attention to his remarks, her mind being concentrated on troubles of her own.

"Maybe it would have been cheaper to call a taxi," she said, "but riding in taxis always did seem a senseless extravagance to me. Of course, we could live on a street that had a car line or was near the subway, but I'm so afraid of the children getting run over. And, anyway, I'm sure I don't often indulge myself, and I did so want them. Every other woman I know has them."

"What ARE you talking about?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Here I come home and take you out to a musical, and goodness knows I didn't want to go, and you seemed so pleased, and now you are walking like a lady with wooden legs and raving, fairly raving."

"I am not raving," said Mrs. Jarr, "but if the tops get spotty they are spotted, and it costs as much to renew them as getting a new pair almost."

"Are you talking about your new shoes?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Yes, I am," replied the good lady. "You didn't notice them, you never notice anything I get or wear, but they are a pair of the very latest fad—plain kid, very high and laced. I had a nice dress," she continued plaintively, "and the children are growing up, and in a few years there won't be money enough to dress them well and dress me well, too; not that

Ellabelle Mae Doolittle

By Bide Dudley

ELLABELLE MAE DOOLITTLE, the Delhi, Tex., poetess, decided recently that her home town was badly in need of an official song. Discussing the matter with P. Silas Pettibone, the town's official artist, with whom she lunched at Hodge Podge's restaurant, The Eatwell, she said:

"The country has a national anthem and States have their ditties. Why shouldn't Delhi have an official song?"

"Puddle we've come to," said Mrs. Jarr plaintively. "But that's always the way; everything happens just to worry me! Here was the weather just beautiful till I bought the shoes, and now look how it is!"

By this time they reached the subway, and when they got out at their station downtown Mr. Jarr halted a taxi and Mrs. Jarr and he arrived in state at the musical. Mr. Jarr also arranged for a taxi the whole way back, despite Mrs. Jarr's protests, and they arrived home with the shoes unspotted.

"But I tell you what it is," said Mrs. Jarr, half regretfully, "one extravagance only leads to another. I suppose I'll have to have a taxi every time I wear these shoes now; and that \$6 it cost us would have paid half for another pair I'd like to have to wear with my other dress!"

Miss Doolittle passed him the salt and the pepper, too. "I'll do it," she said. "I'll go home at once and write the song. Don't drink out of that, please. It's the finger bowl."

The poetess lost no time in reaching her home, Pegasus Manor. Kicking aside the cat, she rushed upstairs and dropped into a seat before her desk. One hand went to her forehead; but thoughts were not slow in coming, and soon she had finished a Delhi song. She then called up Prof. Oscar Coops, the piano teacher, and arranged with him to compose the music. The lyric follows:

Oh, Delhi! Oh, Delhi! My home!
You are so cute and sweet!
Never more from you I shall roam.
Surrounded by fields of wheat,
You are the big center of Texas County,
And your streets are very broad.
Outside of the City Hall building (what
You are as pretty as the Land of Nod.

My sister's child, Turner Roberts,
Ate three big chili peckers.
Topsy, my wonder full little niece,
Struggled for you and you little niece!
But Delhi, the day is over blue.
In the land of the living!
But why should drunken romps come in
Shouting guns and being obnoxious.

Miss Doolittle took the poem next door to the home of the Kellys and read it to Ephraim Kelly.

"Oh, I love it," replied the young woman. "It should make a fine fox trot."

The poetess was very much put out at Miss Kelly's remark.

"Please—please!" she said. "Don't suggest that the Delhi official song be tarnished with the scuffling of frivolous feet. It shall never be a fox trot."

Miss Kelly apologized and Miss Doolittle went home and wrote a rhyme of address, aimed at Mayor Cyrus Perkins Walker. She intends to read it to him if he ever comes home from New York where, reports say, he is doing the giddy on Broadway.

The second rhyme reads:

Major Walker, I beg you listen.
I have written a Delhi song.
I will make our city famous
From Texas Coast to Hong Kong.
I offer it to the city gratis.
Because my heart is here!
It speaks of the location of Delhi,
Being true to tell on city's ear.

Dear Mayor Walker, three cheers!
May Delhi prosper!
Put the matter before the board,
And bring the patriots to their knees.
The song should inspire our love,
And bring the patriots to their knees.

The Women's Betterment League has invited Miss Doolittle to read her Delhi song to the members of that organization next week at a special meeting to be held in Peewee's Hall. Miss Doolittle has accepted. She will wear tulle fringed with genuine Denver tick-rack.

Mollie of the Movies

By Alma Woodward

YOU read a lot of articles of how beautiful thoughts and glowing in your bath will keep you clear of crow's-feet. They tell you that a beautiful soul will Recamier your complexion much sooner than cosmetics at \$2.50 per jar. But have you ever found any one who gave the treatment a try? I haven't. Harp-and-angel talk doesn't budge people nowadays. You gotta threaten 'em with a penalty. Say: "If you don't do this, your skin will turn to elephant's hide." Then watch 'em do it.

This sounds irrelevant, but I'm just trying to lead up to the disposition of a certain person in the company; the cat who thinks she's an insouciant. But her equipment is all second-hand—she's out buying five cents' worth of dill pickles; dress her up like royalty and put her in the carriage to be bombed. To make her

The Stories Of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces

By Albert Payson Terhune

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NO. 96.—THE STONE.—By Voltaire.

THIS is one of the many tales of Zadig, the wise man of Babylon. During his travels, Zadig chanced to stop for rest at an Egyptian town on the edge of the Sahara. There, as he was on his way to an inn, he saw a man who was beating a young and beautiful girl.

Zadig sprang to the girl's rescue. The man turned on him in fury, and the two fought fiercely. Zadig was as skilled in warfare as in knowledge. After a brief conflict, he laid his foe dead at his feet.

The authorities brought Zadig to trial. As it had been a fair fight, he was not put to death. But, because he, a stranger, had slain a man of their town, he was condemned to be sold into slavery.

A rich Arab, Setec by name, bought Zadig and took him to a tribal camp at a far-off oasis in the Sahara.

Zadig did not repine over his servitude. Being wise, he wasted no time in sulking, but set to work in an effort to make himself so useful that his new master should treat him as a friend instead of a slave.

His chance came soon after they reached the oasis. The debt was due. The merchant denied owing the money. There had been two witnesses to the loan, but both of them were dead.

Setec told Zadig the story of the ewidile. And Zadig at once offered to help his master out of the difficulty.

There was no evidence to hold the debtor. But, to a man of Zadig's cleverness, that was no drawback.

He merely stopped to ask where Setec and the merchant had been standing when the money was lent. Setec replied that the five hundred ounces of silver had been handed to the debtor across a huge fat rock on Mount Oreb, six miles away.

With this meagre information Zadig took the flimsy case to court. Bowing low to the Judge, he said:

"I demand of this merchant, in my master's name, a debt of five hundred ounces. He refuses to pay."

"Have you no witnesses of the loan?" asked the Judge; and Zadig answered:

"There were witnesses. Both of them are dead. But the money was paid across a certain rock. If you will have that rock sent for I am sure it will bear witness for my master. I will wait here until it arrives."

"The merchant broke into a yell of derisive laughter.

"Your Honor," he sneered, addressing the Judge, "no matter how long you choose to wait, the rock will never arrive. It is on Mount Oreb, a full six miles from here; and it is so large that fifteen strong men could not possibly move it."

"I said the rock would bear witness for my master!" cried Zadig. "And I was right. Since the defendant knows just where the rock is and how large it is, he admits that the money was paid to him across it."

The merchant, dumfounded at his own blunder, fell on his knees and confessed.

The Judge ordered him led forth to Mount Oreb and manacled to the rock, there to remain, without food or drink, until the five hundred ounces of silver should be paid in full to Setec.

Thus, the case was won; the debt was quickly settled, and Zadig in a single day rose from the position of a mere slave to foremost counselor of the tribe.

The Woman Who Dared

By Dale Drummond

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CHAPTER XLII.

OUR short stay at Atlantic City rested and refreshed me. I returned home with new determination to overcome my love, my longing for Eric, for the happiness I felt never could be mine.

Soon after our return Mrs. Clark cleaned all the closets in the house, leaving the clothing out, so that I might look it over in the evening and decide what was to be worn and what we could give away.

I was surprised to find so many of Haskell's cast off clothes.

Indifferently, more as a matter of caution than because I expected to find anything, I looked through them. A rumpled piece of paper fell out. Mechanically I smoothed it out. It was the note which had been inclosed in Clara Milien's letter to me, and which I was to open if Haskell refused to allow me to care for her baby.

"My husband, Mr. Borroughs, is the father of my child. It was while I worked in his office as stenographer."

Something whispered:

"This is your chance to go to Eric. To claim your happiness at last."

Oh, what a temptation it was for a minute, to grasp that excuse and go to him! I knew he wanted me, would rejoice at anything that would send me to him.

Just then I heard little Jack call me. Another element had entered into my problem.

I loved the little boy dearly. Would my knowledge of his parentage make any difference in my love for him?

Would I think always of Haskell's infidelity when he was with me? Could I talk of him, his name, to the child?

Haskell as I had always done? (To Be Continued.)

So Wags the World

By Clarence L. Cullen

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WHEN, in our moments, we say that we don't care a hang what people think of us, we're cheating ourselves. We do care. We've got to care. The individual opinion of us may be, often is, wrong. The collective opinion of us generally is right. That opinion makes our life. We've got to live by and with it; eat, sleep and work with it, abide by it, stand or fall with it. And when we reach the point where we really do not value the good opinion of folks, we've slipped irreparably.

The man who imagines that he has conquered all of his prejudices is a mighty monotonous dub to ride with in a smoking compartment.

After you've paid \$15.50 for one of those weight-pulling exercising contraptions and installed it in your room, it's queer how many excuses you can find for not using it except about once in eight months.

A lot of men wonder why it is that women so all-fired pretty as those who pose for the whole-figure corset advertisements have to do that kind of work for a living.

Although he never knows it, there's something blatteringly funny about the would-be glubly-poetic ad.

writer who quotes Keats, Shelley and such in his ad.

It's queer how poetically lonesome a fellow of forty-five or so can be, even with family and friends around him, when for the first time he is forced to acknowledge to himself that Youth has scampered away from him.

Maybe you've noticed that the women who say or write the smartest and most interesting things about men are the ones who like 'em the most.

The cleverest woman in the world will "bite" if the flatterer is sufficiently well acquainted with the idiom of the thing to descend to her upon "woman's mystery."

Not long ago we came upon a little old shabby cab which it gave us sort of a shock and we blinked at it through the fool sunshine, kind of hoping to see ourselves emerge through the front door, with the twenty years obligingly cancelled.

Needless to say—

It's a lot of fun to hear a young woman just out of college talk with burning eyes about "the civic consciousness."

No matter how poor your memory may be, you never forget your first visit to a pawn shop.